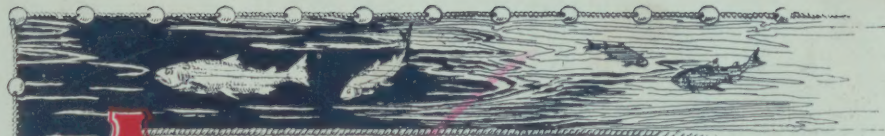


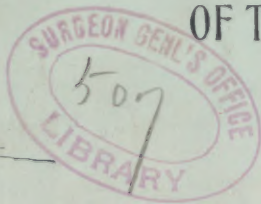
DONAN (P.)



ASTORIA

THE PEERLESS MARITIME METROPOLIS
OF THE GOLDEN NORTHWEST.

BY P. DONAN.





ASTORIA:





CUSTOM HOUSE



OLD & NEW

MAKING HISTORY.

ASTORIA.

I.

PREHISTORIC ASTORIA.

ASTORIA, Oregon, was born in the brain of John Jacob Astor, from whom it takes its name. Napoleons of finance were not so common three generations ago as they are now. But, as early as the beginning of this century, the old Waldorf German had, by his vast trade in hides, skins and peltries, laid the foundation of the Astor millions and aristocratic pretensions, and prepared the way for the dire but dazzling Wars of the Diamonds that periodically agitate all New York society as to which is "*the* Mrs. Astor." He had already become one of the richest men, if not the richest man, in the United States, and his wealth and ambition made him a figure of national interest and importance. No enterprise was too gigantic, no region of the world was too remote, for his far-reaching and all-grasping mind. His dauntless hunters, trappers

and traders had penetrated the gloomy forests, traversed the trackless prairies, and paddled up and down the shadowy lakes and streams of the mighty wilderness that then stretched, unbroken and unknown, from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains. Like an insatiate commercial Alexander, he was looking, if not "sighing, for new worlds to conquer," when circumstances turned his attention to this region.

In May, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, in the ship *Columbia*, of Boston, had discovered the Columbia River, and named it for his vessel. During the next ten or twelve years many hardy navigators had visited and partially explored the grandest stream on the Pacific coast of America; and the stories they told of the wonders and riches they had found awakened widespread interest. In 1803, under the administration of President Jefferson, the United States bought Louisiana from Napoleon, the purchase including the whole territory from the mouth of the Mississippi to the head of the Missouri, with a vague general claim lapping beyond the Rocky Mountains. In 1804 Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clarke started from St. Louis, then a rude frontier trading-post, on their memorable and romantic tour of exploration of the newly-acquired empire. With a hundred and eighty men, they fought their way through incredible dangers and hardships, over three thousand miles of unknown mountains, floods, forests and plains, infested at every step by savage beasts and still more savage men. They followed the Missouri River from its junction with the Mississippi to its last fountain-head, crossed the Rocky Mountains, struck the head waters of the Columbia, traced it through all its wild wanderings, and reached its mouth, on the north side, November

15, 1805. They crossed over to the south side, and went into winter quarters on what is now called Lewis and Clarke River, near where it empties into Young's Bay, just south of Astoria. They set out on their return eastward in March, 1806, and arrived in St. Louis late in the fall, after two years and a half of experiences and adventures that dwarf the wildest fiction to commonplace prosing. They had blazed a three-thousand-mile track for the westward-bound chariot of American progress, and opened up a hemisphere to civilization.

The reports of their marvelous journey were the sensation of the day, and fired anew the ambitious spirit of the great New York skin-dealer and aristocracy-founder. His keen eye and unerring judgment selected the mouth of the Columbia River as the natural centre of the Pacific coast fur trade, and the emporium of a commerce to be built up with Russian America, the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan. He designed to make it, as expressed by Mr. Jefferson in the correspondence between them at the time, "the capital and metropolis of a commercial empire beyond the Rocky Mountains, peopled by free and independent Americans, linked with us by ties of blood and interest, and enjoying, like us, the rights of self-government." His wondrous vision, sweeping ninety years ahead, saw, in the first decade of the century, the glorious possibilities that bid fair to be realized in the last. The scheme was a magnificent one commercially and politically, but it was too far in advance of the age, and the early efforts to carry it into execution resulted in a long series of disasters.

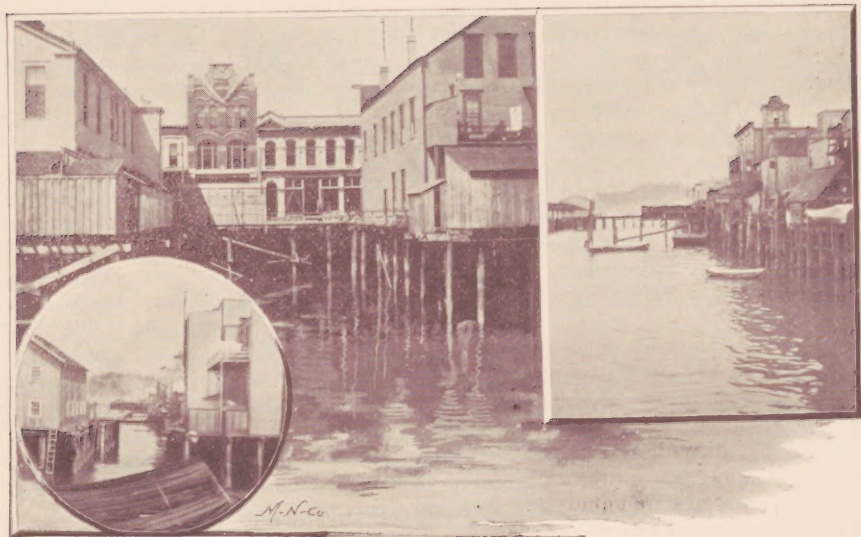
II.

A CHAPTER OF TRAGEDIES.

WITH Astor to plan was to act. In June, 1810, he organized "The Pacific Fur Company," with Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey, and Alexander McKay, Duncan McDougal and Donald McKenzie, three Scotchmen who had been in the service of the British "Northwest Fur Company," as his partners. David Stuart and others were afterward added to the number. Two expeditions, one by sea and the other by land, were started for this projected "seat of commercial empire."

The ship *Tonquin*, commanded by Captain Jonathan Thorn, an officer in the United States Navy, sailed from New York, July 8, 1810. She mounted ten guns and had a crew of twenty men. She carried McDougal, McKay and Stuart, a number of clerks and employees, and a large supply of goods suitable for the trade with the Indians. The entire voyage was a prolonged and bitter wrangle between Captain Thorn, who was a harsh and stubborn martinet, and the pompous, new-fledged officials of the company. After a tedious trip of nine months and twelve days, the *Tonquin* reached the mouth of the Columbia, March 22, 1811. In rash attempts to find the channel entrance in a raging sea, two boats and eight men were lost, and a funeral was the first ceremonial after landing. It was ominous of what was to come.

The *Tonquin* entered the river March 24, and anchored just inside of Cape Disappointment, another ill omen. After much quarreling, the site of the proposed



A VENICE OF THE PACIFIC.

emporium of Pacific Coast trade was chosen April 15, and the landing of men and material was immediately begun. A small fort or stockade was erected, ground was cleared, buildings started, and garden seeds planted. The place was christened Astoria, the Stars and Stripes were run up for the first time on the Pacific coast, and the City of Destiny was founded.

June 5, 1811, the *Tonguin*, in accordance with the original plans, sailed for a trading voyage along the northern coast. Alexander McKay, one of the partners in the company, went on her, taking a young Philadelphian named Lewis, as clerk. In all, there were twenty-three men on board besides an Indian interpreter. A few days later, against the advice of the interpreter, Captain Thorn anchored in Neweetee Harbor, Vancouver's Island, where the Indians were notoriously savage and treacherous. They came on board with furs, but refused to sell at the prices offered. The captain became enraged, and kicked an old chief, Nookamis, overboard. Just before daybreak the next morning, a horde of savages in canoes surprised the ship, and slaughtered all on board but four of the crew and young Lewis, who was mortally wounded. These brave fellows succeeded in reaching the cabin, and barricading themselves in it, kept up so deadly a fire that they finally cleared the deck. Then, bringing one of the ship's cannon to bear on the retreating canoes, they completed the rout. All through the day, not an Indian ventured near the vessel. As soon as night came, the four men who were unhurt put off in one of the small boats, hoping to make their way down the coast to Astoria. Lewis, knowing his wound was fatal, refused to go

with them; and, with a desperate heroism never surpassed in the annals of the world, prepared terribly to avenge himself and his dead comrades. He laid a train of powder to the magazine; and when morning came, dragged his bleeding body on deck, and beckoned to the savages to come on board, offering to surrender the ship. They were suspicious, but after some parleying, a few came, Lewis crawling below before they reached the vessel. Finding no resistance, they signaled to the others. War canoes came rushing from every direction, and the decks and sides of the ship were soon swarming with savages eager for plunder. They shouted and danced with fierce exultation; when, in the midst of their triumph, the ship blew up with an explosion that shook the shores like an earthquake, and strewed the ocean far around with the dead and mangled. The vengeance of young Lewis was complete; and, awful as was his own fate, it was blessed as compared with that of his four companions in misfortune who had attempted to escape. Their boat was driven ashore by contrary winds and currents, and they were captured and put to death with every torture that savage rage and ingenuity could devise. So vanished, in fire and smoke and blood, The Mayflower of the Pacific Coast. So ended the first act in the long tragedy of founding Astoria.

The overland expedition was hardly more fortunate. It was led by Wilson Price Hunt and Donald McKenzie. Leaving Montreal early in July, 1810, and Michillimacknac, now Mackinac, August 12, they reached St. Louis, September 3.

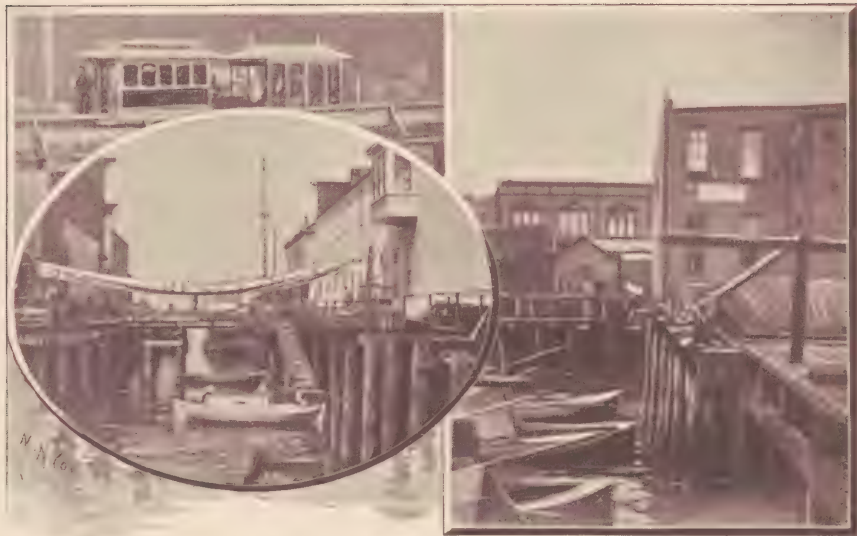
Recruiting their party to sixty men, including boatmen, hunters, trappers and interpreters, they started from St. Louis, October 21, in three boats loaded with

stores, ammunition, and goods for the Indian trade, with flags flying and Canadian voyageurs gaily keeping time to their oars with songs. After more than a year of wandering in savage wilds, where appalling dangers haunted every turn; fighting, starving, freezing, drowning; their numbers cut down by disease, desertion, and barbarian bullets and arrows, the ragged and tattered remnant reached Astoria, February 13, 1812.

Of the entire little army that left St. Louis so proudly and hopefully in 1810 but five ever got back to "the States," six remained in Oregon, and all the rest perished. And thus closed another act in the tragic drama of settlement.

The ship *Barrat*, commanded by Captain Sowle, arrived from New York, May 9, 1812, bringing reinforcements and supplies, made a successful trading trip along the Russian coast, and sailed for China with a large cargo of valuable furs. The timidity, stupidity and folly of the captain lost all the fruits of the voyage, and his vessel never reappeared in Astorian history. The *Zarol*, sent out from New York in March, 1813, was wrecked in the Sandwich Islands; and various attempts at overland communication ended in disastrous failures.

The second war with Great Britain was at its height, and troubles came thick and fast upon the isolated colony. Two years and a half of jealous and quarreling managers, of blundering and disobedient sea-captains, of hazardous and fruitless explorations, of Indian robberies and killings, of shipwreck, mismanagement and mishap, wound up with the treachery of McDougal, who sold out the place and all its belong-



STREETS AND WHARVES OF ASTORIA.

ings, for a song, October 16, 1813, to the British "Northwest Fur Company," represented by John George McTavish and Alexander Stewart. December 12, Captain Black, of the British war-ship *Wedge*, took formal possession of the fort in the name of His Britannic Majesty, hoisted the red-cross standard of England, and, breaking a bottle of wine against the flag-staff, redchristened the place Fort George. The final scene in the Astoria-establishing Drama of Errors closed in a general catastrophe.

III.

SOME LESS SOMBRE INCIDENTS.

EVEN amid all the dangers and hardships and glooms of those early days there were times of feasting and merry-making. The four neighboring tribes of Indians, the Chinooks, Clatsops, Wahkiakums and Cathlamets, were generally friendly. Consequently, the chief of the Chinooks, just across the river, was the warm ally of the settlers, and the broad-faced maidens of his tribe lent the fish-bellied chatin of their presence to the festivities of the white-skinned strangers from the land of the rising sun. Christmas, New Year's and the Fourth of July were observed with the firing of salutes, banqueting, grog-drinking and dancing.

Here, amid the booming of guns, with toasts and cheers and general jubilation, was launched, October 2, 1811, the first American vessel ever built on the Pacific



VIEWS NEAR ASTORIA.

coast. She was a small schooner, intended for local trading, and was called the "Dolly," in honor of the wife of President Madison.

The first civilized or semi-civilized marriage in the region was that of Duncan McDougal, the managing partner at Astoria, and a Chinook princess, the daughter of the old chief Concomly, which was celebrated with great *clat*, July 20, 1813. The royal household came over to the august ceremony, as a society chronicler of the period relates, in all the pomp of "blue blankets and red breech-clouts, with an extra quantity of paint and feathers." The young bride-to-be had arrayed herself in the full glory of a Chinook wedding toilet, which consisted largely of liberal anointings of stale fish-oil and gaudy-hued ochres. The observing and veracious Jenkins already quoted—who, if living to-day, would be winning fame and fortune in Washington, portraying the pinchbeck grace and gorgeousness of Mrs. General Bummerskulk, Mrs. Judge Necessity, and Mrs. Senator Guttersnipe—adds that "by dint of copious ablutions, she was freed from all adventitious tint and fragrance, and entered into the nuptial state the cleanest princess that had ever been known, of the somewhat unctuous tribe of the Chinooks."

Old Chief Concomly was proud of his white son-in-law, and took a lively interest in Astoria, until the surrender to the British. As soon as the English vessel entered the harbor he rushed across with all his warriors in war paint, and offered to pick off the last man of the boat crews before they could land. When he saw the British flag run up without a fight, he declared his daughter had "married a squaw," and never got over his disgust.



SOME HOMES IN THE NEW ASTORIA.

IV.

THE "DAY OF SMALL BEGINNINGS."

ASTORIA, under the name of Fort George, remained in British possession till October 6, 1818, when it was restored to the United States under the Treaty of Ghent. One article of the treaty provided for a joint occupation of Oregon by both nationalities, which really gave the British almost entire control. In 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed the "Northwest Fur Company," and occupied this place, built a strong stockade mounting twenty guns, and virtually held the whole region till 1846. Then a new treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and the setting in of a tide of emigration from the eastern States, ended forever all foreign domination. The wild hunter and trapper slowly disappeared before the advancing army of farmers and fruit-growers, stock-raisers, lumbermen and fishermen; and Oregon's career of progress and prosperity as a member of the glorious American sisterhood of States and Territories began. Its advance was long retarded by the thousands of miles of savage-infested wilderness that lay between it and the more thickly populated regions of the Union; and by the California gold craze, which took nearly all emigration and enterprise to that supposed El Dorado.

At the beginning of 1840 there was not a white family in Astoria. Two families came in February of that year, and eight or ten later. The stockade of the Hudson's Bay Company, in oblong shape, included pretty nearly the block now bounded by

Cedar, Wall, West Eighth and West Ninth Streets. W. B. Headington's house stands on the site of the company's store. When James Welch, in the spring of 1846, began to build the first frame house in the town, at what is now the southeast corner of Cedar and West Ninth Streets, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company ordered him off, but he declared it would take all the guns of the fort to stop him, and went on with the work. The *Oregon City Spectator* of February 12, 1846, "points with pride" to the fact that "from March 12, 1845, to February 5, 1846, nine vessels arrived in Baker's Bay"—in front of Astoria—"of which two were American; and eleven vessels cleared, of which three were American."

A post-office was established in 1847, with J. M. Shively, the original suggestor of the Pacific Mail, as postmaster. The first custom-house was opened for business in 1849, with General John Adair, of Kentucky, as collector. The original custom-house was built by General Adair on his "donation claim" in what is now Upper Town. It was burned down in 1855, but was immediately rebuilt, and the antiquated structure is still one of the features of the city.

In 1856, although there were but twelve or fifteen families in the place, a provisional town government was organized. The first ordinance of the board of trustees was one regulating liquor selling, and the fifth and sixth were a dog-law and a hog-law. Astoria was made a full-fledged city under an act of the legislature, approved October 20, 1876. The first mayor was W. W. Parker, and the pioneer merchants were Van Dusen & Brown, whose store is still standing. The first newspaper was The



ASTORIA, OREGON.



A NEW METROPOLIS.

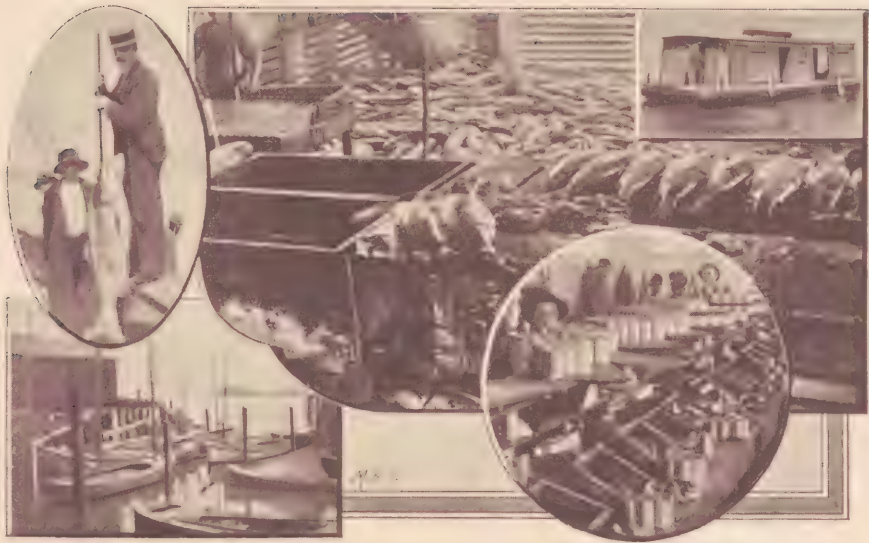
Astoria *Marine Gazette*, founded in 1864. It was swallowed in 1873 by *The Astorian*, which is now a newsy daily.

From these "small beginnings" has arisen, within a youth's recollection, the busy and flourishing little city that to-day promises a speedy and glorious realization of Astor's prophetic dreams and plans of ninety years ago.

V.

ASTORIA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

ASTORIA, the second city in Oregon in size, and the first in importance, is situated at the mouth of the Columbia River, in 46° 10' north latitude, and 123° 55' west longitude. It is the capital of Clatsop County, which is about as large as Delaware or Rhode Island. It stands on a peninsula that is an almost perfect topographical twin of Manhattan Island—Young's River and Bay answering to East River, the Columbia to the Hudson, and the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic. The relative positions are exactly the same. Back of the city rise the lofty foothills of the Cascade Range, on which houses perch as picturesquely as Alpine chalets or Andes *haciendas*. Many of the principal blocks and streets in the front part of the city are built on huge piles over the harbor, and the tide rises and falls, and the waves roll and splash, day and night, under hotels, banks, stores, warehouses, newspaper offices,



THE GREAT CHINOOK ON ITS WAY TO THE TABLE.

churches, electric cars and residences. In this region every house has a stairway or ladder leading down from a side or rear entrance to a tiny boat-landing, and all the things that elsewhere come by drays or wagons are borne by water here. The effect is very Venetian.

Astoria is a city larger than the largest in North or South Dakota, Idaho, New Mexico or Arizona, and is exceeded in size by but four in Virginia or Kentucky, three in Minnesota, two in North or South Carolina, and one in Maryland, Mississippi or Louisiana. It is a city as metropolitan in its styles as Minneapolis or St. Paul, and as cosmopolitan in its population as New York or Washington, including everything from Piccadilly swells and Fifth Avenue dudes, to Norwegian loggers, Finlander boatmen, Chinese mandarins, Chinook princesses and Clatsop clam-diggers.

It has nearly 12,000 enterprising and prosperous people. Its assessed valuation last year was \$7,418,833, or more than one-tenth of the whole State of North Dakota. As this assessment is on a basis of about one-third of actual values, the true aggregate of real estate and personal property is in the neighborhood of \$22,000,000, or nearly \$2,000 for every man, woman and child in its fortunate municipal limits, a per capita of wealth only surpassed by one place in the Union—the Mormon Zion, Salt Lake City.

Astoria is the headquarters of the salmon-canning industry of the new world, with nineteen canneries of its own, and nineteen others tributary to it, representing over \$2,000,000 of capital, giving employment to nearly 5,000 hands, and yielding

yearly from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. It shipped, last year, 28,865,000 pounds of salmon, or 1,443 car-loads of ten tons each, and shipments have run over 2,000 car-loads in a year.

During the year just past, 721 vessels entered, and 666 cleared, at its custom-house, making a total of 1,387, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,310,759; or more than all other Pacific ports combined, excepting San Francisco alone. It has miles of wharves, docks and warehouses, three saw-mills, with an aggregate capacity of 150,000 feet a day; extensive iron-works, planing-mills and box-factories. It has six daily steamers to Portland, nine lines of steamers, owned by its own citizens, plying to neighboring ports; and lines of iron steamships to San Francisco, Puget Sound, British Columbia and Alaska. It has electric lights and electric street-cars, gas-works, water-works capable of supplying 1,000,000 gallons a day of pure mountain-stream water; a motor railway, ice factories and free mail delivery.

It has four banks, with from \$900,000 to \$1,200,000 of deposits, and mercantile houses whose business runs from \$100,000 to \$300,000 a year. It has a Building and Loan Association, organized on home capital, with nearly \$1,000,000 lent out, and money accumulating in its treasury so rapidly that borrowers cannot be found for it. It has two daily papers and four weeklies, besides one Finnish-Russian journal. It has handsome churches, of eleven religious denominations; excellent schools, good hotels and elegant residences, three steam fire-engines, and an admirable fire department, with electric alarms and all modern appliances, a public library, a spa-

cious and well-managed hospital, and lodges of all the leading fraternal and benevolent orders, including a large and influential organization of the Young Men's Christian Association.

It is a city abounding with heroic and romantic reminiscences of the past, overflowing with prosperity in the present, and radiant with golden promise for the future; where there has not been a business failure in ten years; where any skilled laborer, as the phrase goes here, "can buy a barrel of flour with each day's wages;" and where an ordinary fisherman can make from twenty-five to fifty dollars a day.

VI.

ASTORIA'S RICH RESOURCES AND POSSIBILITIES.

THE wise prescience of Astor will soon be appreciated. Somewhere on this northern Pacific Coast there is to be a great maritime city, such as San Francisco is, and always will be, to the southern coast. There will be, there can be, but one. It will be, it must be, where river, rail and ocean meet; on the ocean, and not inland. God and Nature have done everything to make Astoria the mighty commercial emporium that Astor planned.

Here the Columbia, rivaling in majesty the Mississippi and the Amazon, and draining an empire vaster than all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania,



THE LORD OF THE TABLE.

Maryland and Ohio, put together, pours its tremendous flood into earth's greatest ocean. All the rivers of the Northwest roll, in one huge channel, past Astorian doors. Here is the grandest harbor on all the Pacific Coast, north of San Francisco — and experienced pilots say better than that of "The Golden Gate" — with twenty-nine feet of water at lowest tide while New-York has but twenty-six, and New Orleans but twenty-five. The largest ship that sails the seas can steer straight in, and lie alongside of any dock or warehouse on the city's six miles of deep-water frontage. The magnificent harbor is securely land-locked, and ample to furnish anchorage for all the navies of the world; and no barnacle or destroying tere-do lives in its wonderful alternation of salt and fresh waters. The government jetties, on which \$1,700,000 have been well and wisely spent, are steadily and rapidly deepening depths already deep enough for all commercial purposes, and from thirty-five to forty feet at low tide will soon be assured.

Astoria is literally walled in by forests that are unsurpassed upon the globe. Thousands of square miles of pine, hemlock, spruce and fir, as yet untouched by axe or saw. Gigantic trees from three to twelve feet in diameter, and towering from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet heavenward without a knot or limb. There is a spruce tree standing in God's Valley, on the Lower Nehalem, that measures fifty-seven feet around the waist, and is over three hundred feet high. There are whole forests averaging two hundred and fifty feet in height. Timber that yields from 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 feet to the quarter-section of a hundred and sixty acres, or from 50,000 to

90,000 feet to the acre ; while 6,000 feet is a big average in the boasted timber-lands of the South. The city handled 20,000,000 feet of lumber last year, shipping to Mexico, Rio Janeiro, Melbourne, Sydney, Yokohama and Hong Kong, as well as to many United States ports. A great part of the world's lumber supply will some day be cut and handled here.

The fisheries already yield from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000 a year, and are as inexhaustible as the ocean itself. With improved transportation facilities deep-sea fishing can be made as profitable as the salmon fishery is now, and \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000 a year be easily added to the revenues of the city.

The whole surrounding region is rich in all mineral, pastoral and agricultural resources. Immense bodies of coal and iron ore lie along the lines of all the projected railroads to the south and east. In one township in the Upper Nehalem region of Columbia County, on the Astoria & Eastern Railroad, which is now being built, good bituminous coal crops out in every section ; thirty-six square miles of solid coal, in six-foot veins. It has been found at Knappa, Riverside and the head of Lewis and Clarke River ; and near Nekarney Mountain, twenty-seven miles south of the city, it exists in exhaustless quantities and of the finest quality.

All kinds of live stock flourish without care or shelter, finding abundant pasturage all the year.

The soil is infinite in fertility, yielding to the most careless cultivation bounteous crops of all the temperate-zone grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables. Sixty bushels

of wheat, and a hundred and twenty bushels of oats, to the acre are not uncommon crops. Potatoes yield from four hundred to six hundred bushels to the acre. Rye often grows "as high as a man's head on horseback," and produces from fifty to seventy bushels to the acre. More luscious apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots and grapes never ripened in God's sunshine and showers. The usual estimate is, that every fruit tree, without care or cultivation, will yield a clear profit of a dollar a year; or about two hundred and fifty dollars to the acre. Berries of all sorts and descriptions, including black, red and yellow raspberries, grow wild in riotous profusion, and even Florida is left out of sight, as a "land of flowers." They grow everywhere rank as tropical jungle weeds, and, unlike those of the tropics, are all or nearly all fragrant. The daisy bush — or tree — attains a height of five or six feet, and often measures from four to eight inches around the stalk or trunk. A single rosebush will cover the entire front of an ordinary house, and will bloom all the year. Roses five or six inches in diameter, or fifteen to eighteen inches in circumference — as large as fair-sized breakfast plates — are common. One stem of the wild foxglove frequently bears from a hundred to a hundred and fifty great, sweet, pink flared bells.

The climate is a realized dream of paradise. It is exquisite beyond description or imagination. Among all the climates of the globe, from arctic to equatorial regions, there is nothing more gloriously perfect in its deliciousness. It is utterly unlike that of Portland and Tacoma, and other places within comparatively short distances, in the



AFTER THE HAUL.—THE CANNERIES.

same general region. No blizzards, no tornadoes, no cyclones, and no thunderstorms. No hot weather in the summer, and no cold weather in the winter. There is not a day in the year when flannels and light overcoats are not comfortable, or a night when heavy blankets are not necessary. And then, though the latitude is the same as that of frigid Dakota and Nova Scotia, all the ice is manufactured artificially, and flowers bloom in the open air all the year round. Trees and grass are green as living emerald in December and January, and the snowy crowns of Mount Hood and Mount Saint Helen glisten white and dazzling in July and August. The highest average range of the thermometer last year was 61° in August, and the lowest 41° in January. Could God Almighty Himself have made a more delightful or more healthful climate?

The scenery includes all that is entrancing, picturesque and beautiful—mountain and valley, ocean and majestic rivers, gem-like islands, boundless forests, rugged crags and golden sands, while over all is thrown the translucent glory of a sky as divinely blue and crystalline as ever domed the verdant towers of primeval Eden. There is not on the whole Atlantic coast, from Newfoundland to Florida, from Halifax to Dry Tortugas, a view comparable with the transcendently sublime three-hundred-mile sweep of the eye from the cloud-kissed peaks of Fort Canby, at the entrance of the harbor. The artist who could glorify his canvas with one two-thousandth part of its Jehovah-wrought splendors and beauties would sweep down upon an immortality that would dwarf all the Titians and Turners and Claude Lorraines in the grand Pantheon of human genius to pigmy daubers of common ochre.



THE U. P. DOCK, ASTORIA.



FISH TRAPS IN BAKER'S BAY.

VII.

THE ONE THING LACKING.

OCEAN, river, harbor, timber, coal and iron, fruitful soil, exhaustless fisheries, enchanting scenery, matchless climate, wealthy and intelligent people—Astoria has them all. What is there lacking to make it the "proud emporium of trade" its far-seeing founder designed it to be? What is there lacking to insure it the imperial throne of northwestern commerce, to make it the undisputed queen-city of the North Pacific Coast.

But one thing—railroad connection with the great lines leading east. It is a strange lacking. There is no other city of 12,000 people in the United States without a railroad. There are no transcontinental railways north of San Francisco. There can be none, that does not terminate in Astoria. There is no other deep-water harbor at which a road can end. The Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, and the Great Northern, are transcontinental lines in name alone. They can be nothing more until they reach the ocean; and that they can do only at Astoria.

Never was there a more monstrous absurdity than that these grand highways of trade and travel, planned and destined to span the continent from ocean to ocean, should have ended, for ten or fifteen years, a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles out in the backwoods, near the head of some obscure mill stream, or on the up-country shores of a crooked or intricate sound, slough or lagoon, with interminable

stretches of treacherous rocks and shoals and sandbars, between their trains and the sea-going ships. As well might all the eastern railroads have terminated at Albany, a hundred and fifty miles up the Hudson, instead of on the glorious harbor of New York, which is inferior, by three feet of water, to that of Astoria.

As it is now, a tax of from \$500 to \$1,500, in towage and lighterage fees, for every vessel is levied on all commerce going by way of Portland. On the 1,500 or 1,800 ships that enter the river annually this is a total levy of wrongful tribute of from \$1,200,000 to \$1,500,000 — all or nearly all of which comes at last out of the pockets of the shipper or producer. A vessel going to Seattle or Tacoma fares no better, and **gets scuttled by the teredo besides.**

But gigantic as the mere pecuniary iniquity is, it dwindles to a minor evil compared with the loss of time. Every ship that goes to Portland loses from six to twelve days. On a basis of but 1,500 vessels a year, this is an aggregate annual loss of something like 15,000 days of time — or a total loss of forty-one years of working time in every year.

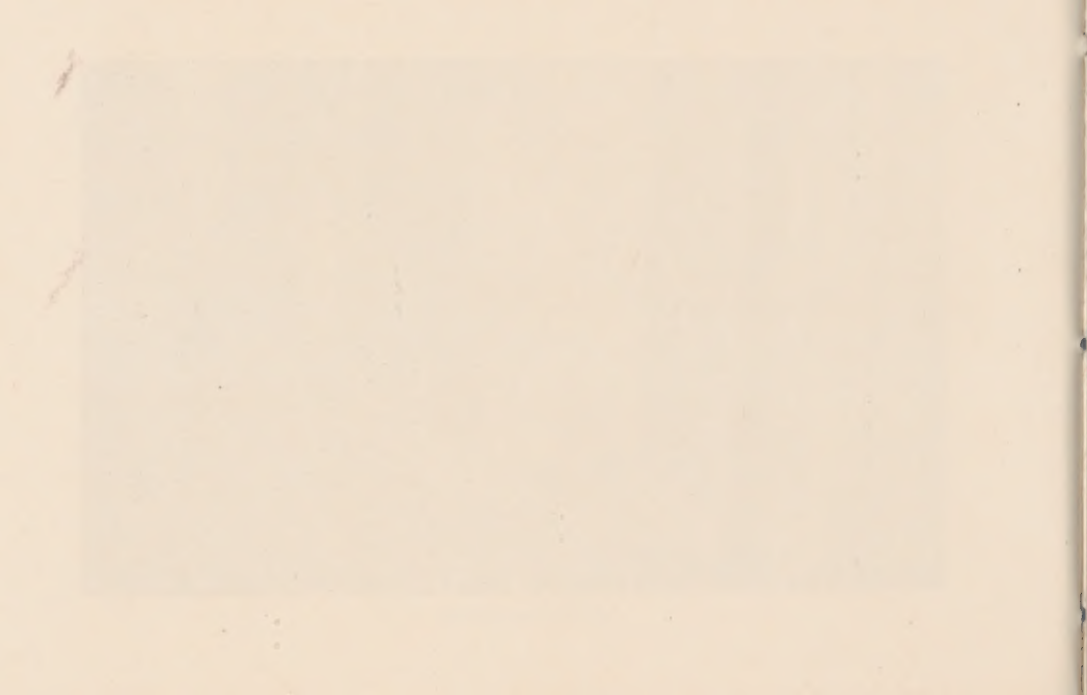
The commerce of the country and the world will not much longer endure these monstrous impositions, laid upon it by the blundering of railroad builders and managers in halting at remote interior points, instead of coming through to the ocean and ocean-going vessels. Astoria is *on the ocean*, and not somewhere in the far-off mountains or pine woods, half-way to Idaho or Assinaboia. First-class ships can be chartered here as cheaply as in San Francisco, and Astoria is 1,500 miles nearer the Alaskan

trade, and 1,000 or 1,200 miles nearer that of China and Japan than the Californian metropolis. Any vessel that plows the liquid furrows of the sea can sail in here without an hour's delay from any cause, and can lie alongside of any dock or warehouse on all the city's miles of deep-water front. Railroad trains can be run on the docks, and into the warehouses, and ships can be loaded from the cars, or unloaded into them, anywhere.

These facts are at last becoming understood. The railroads must come to Astoria, and are coming. The work has already begun. Strong arms and willing hands are rushing it ahead. It will be but a few months at most till the ponderous iron steed, with hoofs of steel and lungs of fire, will thunder into the portule of Astoria, and shriek his flaming salutation to the ships along her docks and wharves. All the tedious delays to commerce, and all the burdensome taxes on commerce, will be wiped out at once and forever. The flags of all nations will flutter in the sunlight of this magnificent harbor, at the mouth of the Hudson of the West, the Mississippi of the North. Astoria will speedily become what God and Nature destined it to be—the peerless maritime metropolis of the Golden Northwest. A mighty city will arise, like a mag-exhalation, where the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean clasp each other in an eternal embrace, and the gorgeous dream of John Jacob Astor will be realized. Astoria is the most promising spot in the new world to-day.



IN THE BIG TIMBER.







ASTORIA, ORE.

